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OLD
MEASURES:
COLLECTED VERSE
By W. D. Lighthall

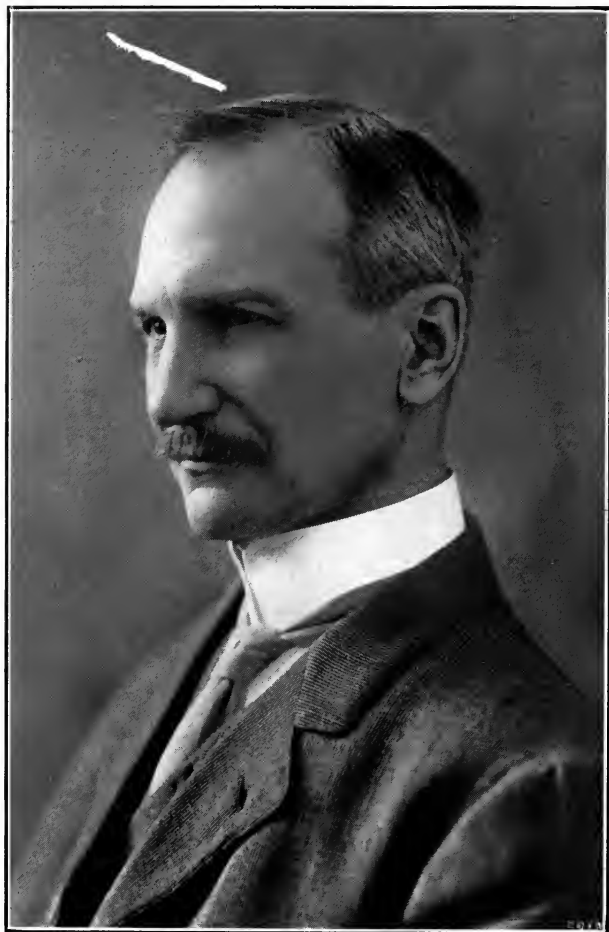


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OLD MEASURES





W. A. Lightman

OLD MEASURES:
COLLECTED VERSE
By W. D. LIGHTHALL

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MAIN

TO
THE POETS OF CONFEDERATION
MY FRIENDS
AND
COMPANIONS

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I. Patriotic

The Founders

EVERY true man is a founder of the future of his State;

As a stone in a cathedral he uplifts and makes it great.
Every man who with his life-blood in its need has
stained the field,

Every man who for its service all he hath and is would
yield,

Every man who worketh truly that its laws be fair and
right,

Every foeman of its error, every messenger of light,
Every servant of its sick, and of the children of its
poor,

Every laborer on its streets, if he doth labor to endure,
Every one who will not brook in it the evil or the base
But whose soul like a pure fountain clears the river of
his race,

And who sayeth ever to it: "Thou art part of human
kind,

Be thou just with all the nations; large in nation—
heart and mind—

Seek from none the base advantage, be no boaster o'er
the rest,

THE FOUNDERS

But be that that with its strength, among the peoples
serveth best,"—

Every such one is a founder of the future of his State;
As a stone in a fair minster, by his truth it cometh
great.

Yea, though all the rest were rotten, and its form come
tottering down,

God shall build again and of him carve the new
cathedral's crown.

The Confused Dawn

(1882)

YOUNG MAN.

WHAT are the Vision and the Cry
That haunt the new Canadian soul?
Dim grandeur spreads we know not why
O'er mountain, forest, tree and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly.—
Some magic moment sure is nigh.
O Seer, the curtain roll!

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss,
A native land—O think!—to be—
Thy native land—and ne'er amiss,
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
From henceforth seem to thee.
The Cry thou couldst not understand,
Which runs through that new realm of light,
From Breton's to Vancouver's strand

THE CONFUSED DAWN

O'er many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The great refrain "A NATIVE LAND!"—
Be thine the ear, the sight.

Canada Not Last

(1881)

AT VENICE.

LO! Venice, gay with color, lights and song,
Calls from St. Mark's with ancient voice and
strange:

I am the Witch of Cities! glide along

My silver streets that never wear by change
Of years: forget the years, and pain, and wrong,
And every sorrow reigning men among.

Know I can soothe thee, please and marry thee
To my illusions. Old and siren-strong,
I smile immortal, while the mortals flee
Who whiten on to death in wooing me.

AT FLORENCE.

What fairer is, by Arno's bridgéd gleam,
Than Florence, viewed from San Miniato's slope
At eventide, when west along the stream,
The last of day reflects a silver hope!—
Lo, all else softened in the twilight beam:—
The city's mass blent in one hazy cream,

CANADA NOT LAST

The brown Dome midst it, and the Lily tower,
And grey Old Tower more near, and hills that seem
Afar, like clouds to fade, and hills of power
On this side, greenly dark with cypress, vine and
bower.

AT ROME.

End of desire to stray I feel would come
Though Italy were all blue skies to me,
Though France's fields went mad with flowery foam
And Blanc put on a special majesty.
Not all could match the growing thought of home
Nor tempt to exile. Look I not on ROME—
This ancient, modern, mediæval queen—
Yet still sigh westward over hill and dome,
Imperial ruin and villa's princely scene
Lovely with pictured saints and marble gods serene.

REFLECTION.

Rome, Florence, Venice—noble, fair and quaint,
They reign in robes of magic round me here;
But fading, blotted, dim, a picture faint,
With spell more silent, only pleads a tear.
Plead not! Thou hast my heart, O picture dim!
I see the fields, I see the autumn hand

CANADA NOT LAST

Of God upon the maples! Answer Him

With weird, translucent glories, ye that stand
Like spirits in scarlet and in amethyst!

I see the sun break over you; the mist

On hills that lift from iron bases grand

Their heads superb!—the dream, it is my native
land.

National Hymn

(1883)

TO THEE whose smile is might and fame,
A nation lifts united praise
And asks but that Thy purpose frame
A *useful* glory for its days.

We pray no sunset lull of rest,
No pomp and bannered pride of war;
We hold stern labor manliest,
The just side real conqueror.

For strength we thank Thee: keep us strong,
And grant us pride of skilful toil;
For homes we thank Thee: may we long
Have each some Eden rood of soil.

O, keep our mothers kind and dear,
And make the fathers stern and wise;
The maiden soul preserve sincere,
And rise before the young man's eyes.

Subdue the jest of idle minds,
That know not, jesting, when to hush;

NATIONAL HYMN

Keep on our lips the word that binds,
And teach our children when to blush.

Forever constant to the good
Still arm our faith, thou Guard Sublime,
And lead thou on our brotherhood,
Dear Father, till the end of Time.

Thou hearest!—Lo, we feel our love
Of loyal thoughts and actions free
Toward all divine achievement move,
Ennobled, blest, ensured, by Thee.

The Pioneers

A BALLAD

ALL you who on your acres broad,
Know nature in its charms,
With pictured dale and fruitful sod,
And herds on verdant farms,
Remember those who fought the trees
And early hardships braved,
And so for us of all degrees
All from the forest saved.

And you who stroll in leisured ease
Along your city squares,
Thank those who there have fought the trees,
And howling wolves and bears.
They met the proud woods in the face,
Those gloomy shades and stern;
Withstood and conquered, and your race
Supplants the pine and fern.

Where'er we look, their work is there;
Now land and men are free:
On every side the view grows fair,
And perfect yet shall be.

THE PIONEERS

The credit's theirs, who all day fought
The stubborn giant hosts :
We have but built on what they wrought ;
Theirs were the honor-posts.

Though plain their lives and rude their dress,
No common men were they ;
Some came for scorn of slavishness
That ruled lands far away ;
And some came here for conscience' sake,
For Empire and the King ;
And some for Love a home to make,
Their dear ones here to bring.

First staunch men left, for Britain's name,
The South's prosperity ;
And Highland clans from Scotland came—
Their sires had aye been free ;

And England oft her legions gave
To found a race of pluck, .
And ever came the poor and brave
And took the axe and struck.

Each hewed, and saw a dream-like home!—
Hewed on—a settlement!
Struck hard—through mists the spire and dome
The distant rim indent!

THE PIONEERS

So honored be they midst your ease,
And give them well their due,
Honor to those who fought the trees
And made a land for you!

Canadian Faith

Written when many doubted of our future. (1890).

I.

IN THE name of many martyrs
Who have died to save their country,
Poured their fresh blood bravely for it,
And our soil thus consecrated;
In the name of Brock the peerless,
In the name of Spartan Dollard,
Wolfe and Montcalm—world's and ours—
The high spirit of Tecumseh;
Of the eight who fell at Cut Knife,
Bright in early bloom and courage,
When our youth leapt up for trial;
In the names of thousand others
Whom we proudly keep remembered
As our saviours from the Indian,
From the savage and the rebel,
Or from Hampton, or Montgomery
By Quebec's old faithful fortress;
And at Chrysler's Farm and Lundy;
And upon the lakes and ocean;

CANADIAN FAITH

Or who lived us calmer service;—
Many is the roll, and sacred;—
In their name a voice is calling,
Through this native land of ours!

Hark, for we have need to listen!
All our martyrs warn and shame us.
Do not let them see us cowards!
Why are all these faint-heart whispers
In the very hour of progress?

Tattles of disquiet vex us,
And among us are new enemies—
Cowards, weak, ignoble whiners,
Esaus, placemen, low-browed livers,
Traitors, salesmen of a nation.
Some would have us drop despondent
And convince us we are nothing.
(Us of whom ten thousand heroes
Hitherto to here have conquered
And we *must* be faithful to them!)

Some are hypocrites and cynics;
Some would wreck us; some would leave us;
Even in the hour of peril
Would the hand of many fail us;
They would almost make to falter
Our old simple faith in God.

CANADIAN FAITH

Therefore this appeal, O brothers,
Earnestly do I adjure you
To believe and trust your country.

By the glorious star of England,
Shining mast-high o'er all oceans;
In the name of France the glorious;
In the world-proud name of Europe;
Whence you draw your great traditions;
I adjure you trust your country!

By all noble thoughts of manhood;
By the toil of your forefathers;
By their sacrifices for you;
By the Loyalist tradition;
And your own heart's generous instincts;
I adjure you be Canadian.

The Caughnawaga Beadwork Seller

KANAWÂKI—"By the Rapid,"—
Low the sunset midst thee lies;
And from the wild Reservation
Evening's breeze begins to rise.
Faint the Kônoronkwa chorus
Drifts across the current strong;
Spirit-like the parish steeple
Stands thy ancient walls among.

Kanawâki—"By the Rapid,"—
How the sun amidst thee burns!
Village of the Praying Nation,
Thy dark child to thee returns.
All day through the pale-face city,
Silent, selling beaded wares,
I have wandered with my basket,
Lone, excepting for their stares!

They are white men; we are Indians;
What a gulf their stares proclaim!
They are mounting; we are dying;
All our heritage they claim.

THE CAUGHNAWAGA BEADWORK SELLER

We are dying, dwindling, dying,
Strait and smaller grows our bound;
They are mounting up to heaven
And are pressing all around.

Thou art ours,—little remnant,
Ours through countless thousand years—
Part of the old Indian world,
Thy breath from far the Indian cheers.
Back to thee, O Kanawâki!
Let the rapids dash between
Indian homes and white men's manners—
Kanawâki and Lachine!

O my dear! O Knife-and-Arrows!
Thou art bronzed, thy limbs are lithe;
How I laugh as through the crosse-game,
Slipst thou like red elder withe.
Thou art none of these pale-faces!
When with thee I'll happy feel,
For thou art the Mohawk warrior
From thy scalp-lock to thy heel.

Sweet the Kônoronkwa chorus
Floats across the current strong;
Clear behold the parish steeple
Rise the ancient walls among.

THE CAUGHNAWAGA BEADWORK SELLER

Speed us deftly, noiseless paddle:

In my shawl my bosom burns!

Kanawâki—"By the Rapid,"—

Thine own child to thee returns.

Montreal

REIGN on, majestic Ville Marie!
Spread wide thine ample robes of state;
The heralds cry that thou art great,
And proud are thy young sons of thee.
Mistress of half a continent,
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;
We see thee conscious heave thy breast
And feel thy rank and thy descent.
Sprung of the saint and chevalier!
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed!
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head,
And—past thy footstool—broad and clear
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea;
Reign on, majestic Ville Marie!

All Hail to a Night

Written for the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association.

ALL hail to a night when the stars stand bright
Like gold dust in the sky;
With a crisp track long, and an old time song,
And the old time company.

Cho.—All hail to a night when the Northern Light
A welcome to us waves,
Then the snowshoer goes o'er the ice and the
snows,
And the frosty tempest braves.

The snowshoer's tent is the firmament;
His breath the rush of the breeze.
Earth's loveliest sprite, the frost queen at night,
Lures him silvery through the trees.

Yes, the snowshoer's queen is winter serene,
We meet her in the glade.
Dark-blue-eyed, a fair, pale bride,
In her jewelled veil arrayed.

ALL HAIL TO A NIGHT

Let us up then and toast to the uttermost
Fair winter! we knights of the shoe!
And in circle again join hearts with the men
That of old time toasted her too.

Land Laurentine

I

F AIR land of mine, when from thy myriad faces
Of mystery and peace I hence depart,
Not ever shall I fail, through all God's spaces
To turn to thee my ever human heart;
Not once shall I forget, if power avail me,
Thy glittering distances of silent lakes;
And voices of thy templ'd woods shall hail me
Where'er my soul in calm eternal wakes.

II

Here dwelt our fathers, sprung of grand old races,
For whom the world was better; and their lives
Smile ever round about like kindly faces
O'er the great fabric where their work survives.
What truth, what honor, what unmatched devotion
They brought, like sacred coals, from Albion's
strand,
The talismans that won us earth and ocean:—
Forget them never, O my native land!

LAND LAURENTINE

III

Ye band of friends I prized above all others,
Bards, seers, and servers of the people's peace,
Here have we built, for love of all our brothers,
Nor Death's pale hand can make our labor cease;—
Lampman, still music from thy bow is streaming;
Thine, rugged Campbell, is too true to die;
Mair, big-heart Drummond, Reade of gentlest dream-
ing,
And all ye forms of noblest alchemy!

IV

And, brethren of the ages that are coming,
How we shall share your wonder and delight!
For what ye see shall be the riper homing
Of men more perfect and of hopes more bright.
Land Laurentine, in ages far I scan thee,
Like some enchanting cloud in sunset peace,
And through thee shine those faces that began thee,
In glory of the love that will not cease.

To John Reade

DEAN OF CANADIAN LETTERS
ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY,
NOVEMBER 13TH, 1912.

MASTER and Dean, the plaudits of the land,
At this the roll-call of thy years, are thine,
And myriad hearts turn musing to thy shrine
And myriad heart-strings feel thy minstrel hand.
New Merlin of the West! we yield thy charm
Its ample hour, while old ideals arise,
As when we saw the newly-lifted arm,
Light-bearing, of our Canada, her eyes
Full of the dreams that are to come, and are,
And waking all the warblers into song.
How glorious was that dawn! And as, along
The winds, the joyous chorus sounded far,
One throat was fullest of the sunrise fire,—
Merlin's, the sweetest singer of the choir.

Dedication

TO "CANADIAN POEMS AND LAYS,"
1890.

TO HISTORY'S vastest Brotherhood,—
Which seas that girdle earth but bind :
To every man of British blood :—
To all of the imperial mind :
Or who, of any noble race, have by the Empire stood.

What matter races ! vain the pride
Who first this brotherhood began ;
Than Pict or Gael we grow more wide,
Our final brotherhood is Man :
Unto all union we will hold, so Man still onward
stride.

And you, great Kinsmen scarcely lost,
Alliance with you still increase :—
With you the kindest, first and most
Union for justice, trade and peace !
States are the robes that suit the climes : we move, one
spirit host.

DEDICATION

This March night gleams the elm-lined street
With pools beneath a rising moon:
In the West's brow rayed Venus sweet
Holds Nature in a lovelorn swoon:
Go songs, glint what these lands shall be in wondrous
day complete.

The Battle of La Prairie (1691)

A BALLAD.

I

THAT was a brave old epoch,
Our age of chivalry,
When the Briton met the Frenchman
At the fight of La Prairie;
And the manhood of New England,
And the Netherlanders true
And Mohawks sworn, gave battle
To the Bourbon's liliated blue.

II

That was a brave old governor
Who gathered his array,
And stood to meet, he knew not what
On that alarming day.
Eight hundred, amid rumors vast
That filled the wild wood's gloom,
With all New England's flower of youth,
Fierce for New France's doom.

THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

III

And the brave old half five hundred !
Their's should in truth be fame ;
Borne down the savage Richelieu,
On what emprise they came !
Your hearts are great enough, O few :
Only your numbers fail,
New France asks more for conquerors
All glorious though your tale.

IV

It was a brave old battle
That surged around the fort,
When D'Hosta fell in charging,
And 'twas deadly strife and short ;
When in the very quarters
They contested face and hand,
And many a goodly fellow
Crimsoned yon La Prairie sand.

V

And those were brave old orders
The colonel gave to meet
The forest force with trees entrenched
Opposing the retreat :

THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

"DeCalliere's strength's behind us
And in front your Richelieu;
We must go straightforth at them;
There is nothing else to do."

VI

And then the brave old story comes,
Of Schuyler and Valrennes
When "Fight," the British colonel called,
Encouraging his men,
"For the Protestant Religion
And the honor of our King!"—
"Sir, I am here to answer you!"
Valrennes cried, forthstepping.

VII

Were those not brave old races?—
Well, here they still abide;
And yours is one or other,
And the second's at your side,
So when you hear your brother say,
"Some loyal deed I'll do,"
Like old Valrennes, be ready with
"I'm here to answer you!"

Winter's Dawn in Lower Canada

TO EACH there lives some beauteous sight : mine
is to me most fair,
I carry fadeless one clear dawn in keen December air,
O'er leagues of plain from night we fled upon a pulsing
train ;
For breath of morn, outside I stood. Then up a car-
mine stain
Flushed calm and rich the long, low east, deep redden-
ing till the sun
Eyed from its molten fires and shot strange arrows,
one by one
On certain fields, and on a wood of distant evergreen,
And fairy opal blues and pinks on all the snows
between :
(Broad earth had never such a flower as in my
country grows,
When at the rising winter sun, the plain is all a rose.)
Then seemed all nymphs and gods awake—heaven
brightened with their smiles,
The land was theirs ; like mirages, stood out Elysian
isles.

WINTER'S DAWN IN LOWER CANADA

Westward the forests smiled in strength and glory like
the plain,
Their bare boughs rose, an arrowy flight, and by them
sped the train.
But dream-crown of that porcelain sea, those plains of
sunrise snow,
The green woods east, the grey woods west, and molten
carmine glow—
A light flashed through the sapling wastes and alders
nearer by,
Where Phœbus worked the spell of spells that ever
charmed an eye,
His bright spears to the frost-flakes reached, that on
their branches lay,
And each shot back, as we sped by, a single peerless
ray.
More bright than starry hosts appeared that vision in
the wood
And flashed and flew like fire-flies in a nightly solitude,
A maze of silver stars, a dance of diamonds in the day:
Through many lives though fly my soul as on that
pulsing train,
That sparkling dawn shall oftentimes enkindle it again.

The Loyalists

(From an unfinished Narrative Poem.)

IN NEW York, the Royal Province, generous were
the days of yore
When the names of King and Empire, stained on hang-
ing signs of inns,
Drunk in toasts and preached in sermons, ever warmed
the hearts of men.
Westward ranged the boundless forests like innumer-
able foes
Round the palisaded Mohawk forts and war-plumed
fields of maize;
But along the leafy Hudson, clime most gracious under
Heaven,
In unbounded plenty flourished many a thousand yeo-
man farms
Cherishing the cheer of Holland, mother of the cheer
of England,
And the blood of twin stocks mingled that were chil-
dren of the sea;
There at intervals, from headlands all along the stately
river,

THE LOYALISTS

Mid their trees, ancestral manors stood revealed like
dreams of peace.

(Ah, how many lovely places are upon this pleasant
earth!).

Fair and gentle were the ladies, in those halls who
played the spinet,

Tall and courtly were the men and many a relic there
—some letter

Borne by Indian from a captive to his wife, or liliated
flag

Or map-carven powder-horn, among the stag-heads
hung, attested

The chivalric feud with France that for a century
burnt bright.

Leal and gay were all the tenants, proud as clansmen
of their squires

For by race they held together as a family in kindness
And their children grew up courteous, open-handed
each with each

As they played among the orchards and the tulip-
gardens quaint

By the Flemish-gabled houses sprawled with curious
iron dates.

THE LOYALISTS

Inland twenty miles from Hudson on the West New
England line,
Heathcote's Pond, a lake of silver, slept within the
perfect woods,
Up among the hills, and lower was the valley where
in birdseye,
Bright in farm, and dark in forest, lay the ample
Heathcote Manor.
Near the pond, and overlooking all the vale, command-
ing all,
—Built of wood in fairest classic lines, while through
its centre ran
One great room with one great fireplace,—stood the
home-like Heathcote Hall,
By the living woods surrounded, and behind lay virgin
Nature,—
Quiets scarce by man yet broken, paths of deer and
nooks of wild duck,
And the nibbled water-grasses proved the muskrat, and
the flopping
Of the otter in the branches dipping down along the
marges
Spoke of Life, and the long water-lilied reaches by the
Pond,
With the eagle whistling over, calmed the soul into a
mirror

THE LOYALISTS

Of eternal Nature's peace. Thus the squire, Wyllys
Heathcote,
Careful kept the Hall's surroundings, having loved
them from the first.
Many bard-like hours they gave him, and the charm
grew on his household.
So in loveliness they dwelt, and all the region knew its
wonder.

No great patron lord was Wyllys, like the thirteen
on the River
With their vast and rich possessions and the hundreds
of their feus;
Fair was Heathcote Hall but simple and the acres of
the Manor
Were the portion of his wife, and from her uncle's
patent carved,
Out of bushlands in the rear towards the West New
England line.
Of a race was she that often through the bygone gen-
erations
Served the Province and the Empire, lavished treasure,
blood and toil
With such cheerfulness as sparkled in her dark and
lustrous eyes,

THE LOYALISTS

And a pride that was the pride alone of doing noble things.

Of New England stock was Wyllys, high in annals of the Pilgrims.

Putting thrifty heads together, bridegroom Wyllys and Alida

From the bush made this possession with its roads and farms and home,

Cleared and drained and tilled the marshes, thinned the brush and dammed the river,

Leased to ruddy English settlers and to bronzed young Knickerbockers

And, in kindly simple plenty, spared not hand at loom nor plough,

Till the children growing round them had a patrimony fair

But more fair a hearty training in the honor of their toil:

"We are farmers!" each said brightly, and adjudged the title high.

At the frosts of late September laughed the scented ruddy logs,

In the mansion's central hall that ample ran from front to rear:

THE LOYALISTS

Sparkles from their merry lengths up showered, and
their changeful gleaming

Roseate made the faces round them gathered for the
social eve.

There the sons looked in the flames and smiling spoke
of years to come;

There the daughters interchanged their glances, whis-
pers, girlish jokes;

Knitting fast in sweet content the Lady silent eyed
their faces;

While the Squire looked on, a thankful and a medita-
tive man;

And in rear by the carved stairway, round a candle sat
black servants,

Erst the slaves but now the freedmen, glad with
harmless Ethiop mirth.

A portrait and a slender sword were hung above the
glistening mantel,

Ionic-columned, graceful wreathed and tiled in man-
ner of the time.

"Sir," said Endicott the grave-voiced, weighted with
his eighteen years,

"Will you tell again the story of your blade above the
mantel

THE LOYALISTS

For the tales of war at Boston move my thoughts.
Repeat the legend
Of this slim and deadly steel so long now idle on the
wall?"

Smiled the father;—then replied he: "One great scene
that blade remembers
Sleeplessly. In youth I wore it in the Square at
Montreal
Called Place d'Armes,—as strange, provincial and un-
British as a dream.
I was ensign then. Our lines along the west side stood
in silence
On the conquered soil, their muskets grasped like
statues, and the cannon
In their scarlet-coated centre, primed for thunder.
Gasped and gazed
The folk at us their hated foes, and praying women
crammed the temple
Standing there, with tower and belfry, a rude marvel
of old France,—
Refuge of their wounded souls, as sharply alien unto
us.

Now was heard a solemn sound along the street of
Notre Dame,

THE LOYALISTS

Eastward faint, then near and loud, a tramp of men
that could not speak,

Not the march of braves to battle, nor parade, but to
the burial.

Of some mighty hope untimely rendered unto fate.
The echo

From black walls, of house and convent, church, and
rampart of the city,

Regular and soblike came. It checked the joy within
our bosoms.

Then appeared a pallid column, rank on rank of men
of sorrow,

White-uniformed, bright-musketed, and line by line
advanced

Wheeling stony to command, and down together laid
their arms;

Then departed, in our silence, and another and another
Tramping in with perfect movement mutely followed.

Our commander

Stern Sir Jeffrey, with his staff, upon their chargers
moveless sat,

Till the last battalion's weapons touched the earth.

But as they touched it,

O'er us, with a loud and rending cry the parish church
bell tolled:—

THE LOYALISTS

Slow and doleful, cry on cry, it rolled the knell of death.

But the clouding of that hour to us was silvered with the splendor

Of the mastery of England and her greatness of dominion

As we felt with swelling hearts that here was conquered half the world.

God of Britain, god of mercies, what a heritage!
Rejoiceth

Therefore ever the leal blade in all its glory won that hour.

Thus America is ours!"

A Protest (1895)

Against Lord Salisbury's excuse for not aiding the Armenians during the massacres of Sultan Abdul the Damned,—that the Might of England was limited to a naval demonstration! (Nevertheless the great betrayer of Armenia was President Cleveland when at the crisis he paralyzed the hand of Britain by his diversion about Venezuela).

ENGLAND, if thou must set, go down in strength!
If thou, as rivals say, must soon decline,
Let it be with thy great unbroken line
Of champions of the weak! Must thou at length
Hear pratings of thy safety, when the cry
Of wronged Armenia wailleth: must thou wait
While evil Turks prepare a hideous fate
For those that still in living anguish lie?

Or shalt thou say,—as we who know thee best,
Being thy children, still believe thou must;—
“O Freedom and O Conscience! take the trust
Once more of all my treasure, blood and rest;
My face to duty, though to death I bleed:
Armenia shall be solaced, fed and freed.”

But he who, leader, spoke the trembling word,
Be he not there, nor let his voice be heard.

II. The Great War

A Song of Sons

(*December 5th, 1914.*)

LIKE as a lioness, wounded for her whelp,
Britannia stands, in bleeding strong disdain,
And we for whom she bleeds, shall we not help?
Thrills there not in us her undaunted strain?
Yea, Motherland, we haste o'er ocean's tide,
Eager to fight, and perish, by thy side.

The mad werewolf that covets our estate,
And snaps his scarlet fangs, shall feel our own,
Ne'er wert thou more magnificently great,
Than when he deemed thee feeble and alone;
We haste, brave Motherland, in joy and pride,
Burning to fight and perish by thy side.

Let those mark well who think to conquer thee,
They with a might and wealth and new emprise;
Must also count, that grows o'er every sea,
And is not weak, and fast to power doth rise;
We watch fair Mother, keen o'er every tide,
Aflame to win or perish by thy side.

A SONG OF SONS

We shall not perish; neither yet shalt thou,
Unsilenceable is the song of truth.
Freedom fails not. Its star is on thy brow
And we bring thee the deathless gift of youth.
Yes, Motherland, we haste o'er ocean's tide,
In love to fight and perish at thy side.

Brave Triune Mother, whence we drew our blood,
Our liberty and every good we share.
Whose deeds our parents tell us. Take the flood
Of our hearts throbbing in thine hour of care.
Dear Motherland, we come, we rise like ocean's tide.
For freedom's cause of old to combat at thy side.

The Young Veteran

(of the Great War.)

January 30th, 1918.

THE boyheart of the soldier!
The friendgrip of his hand!
They warm me like no other
In all our hearty land.

His childlove of his mother
Illumining his strength!
There is no picture fairer
In any journey's length.

His knightly eyes that measured
Aright the New Crusade!
I know no sunlight clearer
Than those eyes unafraid.

The manglance of the battle,
How terrible to Wrong!
What promise to our country
Rings in his victory song.

THE YOUNG VETERAN

The Godsoul in his being
That triumphed over death!
Bringeth the holy Temple
Where'er he wandereth.

Deathless

(October 30, 1917).

(Each ripe maple leaf before it falls has at the base of its stalk a fully formed next year's leaf in shape of a bud).

I

IN THE rugged limestone pasture
The old hard maple glows,
With burning tone and glory,
Like the sun in all its sunset,
In the rich Laurentian autumn
The sunset of the year.

II

At Passchendale I saw it
When the battlefield was fading,
And the roar of guns grew silent
When my life stream stopped its flowing,
I saw the old hard maple
And her fire of leaves embraced me
As my life fell off in glory,
In the sunset of the year.

DEATHLESS

III

The old hard maple glowing
With dying fire and splendor
Hid at her every leafstalk,
The perfect bud of spring,
At the root of the leaf of glory,
Of the dying leaf of splendor,
The leaf of morrow year.

IV

At Passchendale I sleep not,
Only my leaves of autumn,
My autumn leaves fell there,
In the hour of farewell splendor
In the sunset of the year,
But when they fell I died not,
For the wondrous spring was in me
And the life I gave at Passchendale
Hid the life of morrow year—
I am here.

February 3, 1918.

Design

I N THE fifth year of sacrifice and blood,
Mid dreams of agony and doubts of God,
And cries that screamed, again, again:
"What is the mystery of Pain?"

One morn I was awakened by a voice
Crying "Despair not, ye shall yet rejoice,

*"Our life is but a sample square
Cut from a pattern vast and rare:
Could we but see the whole design,
We would not change a single line."*

September, 1918.

To France

WE KNEW thee, France, in times of peace,
And willing sought thy gracious thrall;
The modern heir of ancient Greece,
The kind, the gay, the light of all;

We knew thee, yet we knew thee not,
Sun-tressed Minerva of the Dawn!
Till by thy dauntless side we fought
Darkness and all its Satan-spawn!

Again shall peace and light return
Again men's hearts shall flock to thee
How bright thy beacons then shall burn!
How deep our homage then shall be!

Then thou shalt build thy noblest Arch,
Then thou shalt sing thy song supreme,
And all the world shall join thy march
Toward thy best and greatest dream!

May 26, 1918.

III. The Trembling Mountain

The Land of Manitou

Trembling Mountain, the highest of the Laurentians, is known to the Indians as "Manitou-Ewitchi-Saga,"—"The Mountain of the Dread Manitou." Beside it is beautiful Lac Tremblant. The district is a Government Park, and no settlements exist between it and the Arctic.

NORTH in the mountains, noblest range of all,
Mont Tremblant reigns, far seen from many a
height,
And, watching from its long majestic line,
Hidden in ancient and unconquered pines,
And wrapt in misty distance or in clouds,
The Manitou-Ewitchi rules the wilds.
He watches ever, and when evil men,
Infringe the great laws of the wilderness,
The long range trembles. He who then defies
Must brave the tempest crashing 'round his path,
Rough giant hemlocks hurled towards him, hail,
Thunders and plunging bolts of fire; huge rocks
Torn by mad torrents hunt him, while around,
The indignant precipice reverberates

THE LAND OF MANITOU

Stern condemnation,
Or if his pathway on the water be
A sudden bright and lofty cloud appears
Flashing like silver, racing down the lake,
And, churning white the waves, the air, the sky,
In universal shroud engulfs the boat.
But those who learn the laws and them obey,
Their breath is e'er the scent of balsam tops,
Their drink the moss-edged, clear and ice-cold springs,
Their wine the tonic of Auroral air,
Their feast of eye the never-ending parks,
Their music myriad forest birds at dawn,
The shimmering lakes their fairy travel trails,
Their wings the mountain top above the mist—
They dwell within the Land of Manitou.

Whenas of old the Chief of Manitou—
Whose mask is heaven—these lovely mountains built,
And set this stateliest range to overtower
Their kingdom, each a spirit He assigned
Guard of their peace and reverence: he is felt
At hush of eventide on every lake—
The guardian manitou—and watches from
Its hillside forests. Those dark gothic spires
Of balsams rising o'er the hardwood greens,
Denote his solemn minsters; ripples light

THE LAND OF MANITOU

His faint-heard vespers; healing fragrances
His service incense. Then should men be still,
For here is spirit and another life.

On Manitou-Ewitchi here He set
The Eaglefeather Crown and bade his peers
All look toward him: "He shall headchief be
And ye his council. At the meeting times,
With thunders, on the ridge of his domain
Ye shall consult together." There they hold
Assembly at his summons, in the night,—
The dreadful Council of the Manitous.
First o'er the mountain tops their comings flash,—
Then soundless, as in distance they advance,—
And women say: There is some far-off storm.
Then in their splendor lighting the high pines,
Then, flashing in triumphant, on their winds,
Their sudden livid moonlight floods the woods,
Their intermittent day the darkened Lake,
And one the other calls in thunder tones,
Continuous, ghostly, terrible. And yet
Entrancing.

To their Council thus they pass,
Mystic, momentous, on the trembling Mount.

The great laws of the wilderness are these—
Laid down in Council of the Manitous;

THE LAND OF MANITOU

*Kill naught except for use or in defence:
(Thou art the brother of all breathing things).
Love the shy plant. The venerable tree
Revere. Enjoy the gifts of Manitou
With invocation. Scar no haunt of peace.
Guard well the friendly but rebellious fire.*

In an eld lichen-clad and sunken down
To immemorial stone, mist-veiled Ewitchi
Took up his realm. He first passed everywhere
Over the bare new ridge of the great mount
And sister hills and vales, the crisp gray frame
Of the Laurentians, treeless, waterless,
Streaked granite squeezed in mighty molten waves
From Earth's first flaming agonies, then torn
By titan icebergs, cold, ferocious, strong.
He having well considered, felt it best
To lay upon that harsh and rugged frame
His fur robe soft and beautiful: since then
The velvets of the mosses clothe the rocks
With broidery and sheens and kneedeep pile.
Then taking of his feather ornaments
He gave their crowns of rockfern to the stones
And strewed in hollows bracken and maiden hair.
The opens paved he with close-woven mats—
The scarlet bunches of the pigeon-berry

THE LAND OF MANITOU

In serried carpet, here and there relieved
By dark blue porcelain aconites, and by
Wax wintergreen, and close embroidery
Of dainty checkerberry hiding pearls;
And in the deepest, most secluded woods,
He made two flowers of magic, fair and wise;
One is the ghostflower, flower of manitous
Pure in its soul as its white waxen form,
The symbol of the spirits' pipe of peace;
The other, known as La Fleur Ecartante,
Mottled and hidden, has the mystic power
That whoso steps upon it shall be lost.
Then to the heights he called the chiefs of trees,—
The pine to watch and the red spruce to guard,—
Marshalled the forests in their serried tribes
Each in his rank, sungazing on the hills;
Set in the hollows lonely mirror lakes;
Poured out the woodland streams and waterfalls,
The river and the heron-haunted marsh,
Then last of his imaginings he formed
Beside the glorious range its glorious Lake
Along the feet of the long mountain drew
Its firm bright line of polished metal sheen,
By its vast lustre doubling the design,
And opposite, with large pictorial bays,
Capes garrisoned with ever-watchful woods,

THE LAND OF MANITOU

And islands, lent discovery and romance.
Then forth he sent a fragrant breeze, that bore
His invitation far. The gentle deer
Stopped, lifted quivering nostrils, inly saw
The hemlock-crested bluffs, the wildwood trails,
The brookside meads, the mists on meres at dawn,
And followed that good breeze; the moose divined
Bays of sweet lily pad, and came; the bear
Saw wild rock-caves and luscious raspberries;
All furry tribes ran trustful to the call,—
As infants give themselves to loving eyes,
So he assembled bird and beast and fish.
Only the wolf, the outlaw of the world,
Was uninvited.

Thus peopled he the Land of Manitou.
Ages untold dreamed on in fair content.
The children of Ewitchi lived his laws,
Basked on his blufftops, waded in his creeks,
And trustful in the pleasant dream of life
Passed trustful to the pleasant dream of death.
The trees unnumbered gloried in the sun,
Clematis crept, white trilliums flowered and fell,
Sedge and red mountain laurel watched by streams,
In sandy bays the waterlilies shone,
The speckled trout inhabited his nooks
The grey his deeps, innumerable schools

THE LAND OF MANITOU

Of fry forged merrily along the shores
Where ran the prudent mink, and flocks of ducks,
Contented sailed and silent herons fished,
While bright kingfishers flew from tree to tree,
And nights rang with the insistent whippoorwill.

Millions of years they lived their busy lives,
Enchanted by Ewitchi.

Yesterday—

Yesterday to those countless years of life—
Came the first man—as if he owned it all,
One of a brutal race, untribal chief
By murder right, of thankless offspring fierce,
And by the heron-haunted marsh he lit
His fire that frightened—and began to slay:—
Slew the great-hearted bear, the graceful deer
The painted trout, the whippoorwill, the loon—
That laughing fluter in the lonely bays,
Then the kind beaver, loved by manitous,—
The blameless beaver, slew he in their house,
And roared “Ewitchi is not chief, but I,”
The weeping beaver the Blue Heron prayed
“Go tell our Father”: the Blue Heron told
The Eagle Gray, Ewitchi’s messenger.
So from his summits the Ewitchi looked
And as the master of that low-browed clan

THE LAND OF MANITOU

Defiant slaughter spread, a cloud arose
Pillared, colossal, black, the great range shook
With wrathful tremblings, and the wicked horde
Fell crushed beneath the windfalls of the storm.

Therefore the kindlier Red Man later feared
The Trembling Mountain—feared with reverent head
And murmured “Manitou-Ewitchi-Saga”—
“The Mountain of the Dreaded Manitou”
And still the mountain shakes when thoughtless souls
Defy the great laws of the wilderness
And still the children of Ewitchi live
His will, and wait the passing of brief Man.

The Shebear

THE Shebear of the Palisades kens from her
cliffside ledge:

She kens the forests far below, the great Lake's sandy
edge,

She kens the capes, the piny isles, the towering misty
range—

The Trembling Mountain long and dread—in every
mood of change,

She breathes the rare wind sweeping from the resins of
the wild

Far forests that a cobbled heel has never yet defiled;
And everywhere her soul she feasts, and evermore
keeps watch

Over the Peak's aspiring crag, the fair woods of the
Notch—

To few 'tis given in all the world to feast on scenes so
fair—

The deer perchance that haunt the hills, the eagle and
the bear.

And sometimes in the night she calls her kin upon the
peak,

THE SHEBEAR

And sometimes croons to soothe her cubs when in
affright they shriek,
And ever it is her delight to watch the dawning bloom
To ruddy splendor o'er the Trembling Mountain's
haughty gloom
And see the shining mists below drift on and fading
break,
While through them half the isles appear and half the
burnished Lake.

And when the range in majesty stands up in noontide
sun,
Her heart is filled with unknown joy; but when the
day is done
And carmine lights entint the heights she gazes in her
awe,
And feels as though a nobler air her glossy nostrils
draw,
And when she marks, on the world's rim, the giant
northern moon
And each large star that shines a path upon the Lake
in June
And down into the mystic woods leads, with her tender
croon
Her children to the silent brink and where the berries
wait;

THE SHEBEAR

What silver lights among the glooms are weft in her
estate.

And later in her glorious year, the pageant meets her
eyes

Of all the hillsides burst aflame with fire of Paradise,
And all the angels sing therein, and God himself
descends,

And round her in her creedless faith, His heaven on
earth extends.

Commandant's Isle

*(Chief Commandant was the last Indian resident at
Lac Tremblant.)*

LAST of your tribe and long departed hence,
Algonkin brave, here unto whom was given,
To close the chapter of primeval man.
Each night returning to your cedared isle
I see your fire upon the Sandy Point,—
The stick-supported pot, the shadowy lodge,
The deerskin soaking by the shore, the gleam
Of trout, the ghostly smoke, and round the glow,
The ruddy, blackhaired children, turned to you
Their other sun, and you recounting lore.

What ancient legends of the wilderness!
What doomsday record of old valiant chiefs!
What explanations of some pictured rock
Or carven pine! What battles in the woods,
Centuries ago, with the Bad Iroquois!
What ghostly tales of giant windigoes,—
Cunning man-eaters, black and terrible,
Long-following, undesisting,—vanquished now,—
By sign of cross, and of man-hunger dead—

COMMANDANT'S ISLE

Only their shrivelled bodies here and there
Descried among gaunt trunks of blackened trees.

And then upon the glowing logs you cast
The sacred leaves, and as the incense mounts
The stories of Ewitchi you retell,
Pointing to the faint moondawn on the heights.
Full of the sense of spirit you and yours
Familiarly knew the living fays
We call the flowers, each as full of joy
As full of beauty, each with speaking voice
And hearing ear, and when its sleeptime comes
Ready to dream, and rise another spring.
To you the forests were all breathing men,
Fair women and loved children:—even the chase
A strife of cousins, preordained in rites.

You were Ewitchi's children like the rest,
Part of his ordered subjects:—all your hours
Moved with celestial dial hands, the dawn
Noon, sunset, evening, night; the birchbark frail
Of your life sailed on beauty as a lake:
Princes you were of all to be desired.

Commandant—it was almost yesterday
Your fire glowed on the Sandy Point. To-day
Your spirit only, haunts the cedared isle.
Who is the dream? Is it ourselves or you?

COMMANDANT'S ISLE

Dreamland you left us. Is there chance the mist
Some morn may lift and your canoe be seen—
Gumsewn, with ochre eye upon its prow—
Forth setting to your traps in Fleurant Bay?
Or might it be your earliest ancestor?
Who first, a hundred thousand years ago
Came paddling up the wide and silent Lake
Gazing in wonder at the mighty Mount.
And to Ewitchi made his sacrifice,
And cut his birchen poles and built his lodge
And lit his fire upon the Sandy Point
As you and all your fathers since have done.

Calm rest to you, Algonkin! May your lot
Be cast in scenes as lovely as this isle
That sits above its double on the Lake,
Its greatest charm these memories of you.

Fleurant Bay

C HILDREN'S hero, dean of guides,
Famous through the Laurentides!
Moïse of the hundred bears,
Curious baits and cunning snares,
Plumtree planter in wild spaces,
Sweet-william sower in camping places,
Moïse Fleurant, voyageur,
Good companion, raconteur!

When we left the haunts of moil
Fed with fashion, pale with toil,
And our footsteps felt the sand,
Of the fair Ewitchi strand,
What cheery hail you gave us first!
Then the little merry burst
Of the aerated wit,
And catching laughter when it hit,
Then you soothed away our cares,
Gathering our gear and wares,
Led us sailing after you
In your treasured birch canoe
To some sunflecked solitude

FLEURANT BAY

Of the universal wood,
Poled the tent and struck the fire
In the forest of desire;
Told us of the settler's child
Whose brave father dared the wild,
Axe for fortune, faring forth
Into the unroaded north,
How kind redmen shewed the youth
Their ancestral mines of truth.
Made him keen of mind and sight
Till he learned to read aright
Where the bear his footmark left,
Or the balsam's bark had reft,
Where the herons rear their brood,
In the gaunt-armed lofty wood,
Lore of every plant and tree
And the myriad fantasy
Of primeval totem stories
And the ancient tribal glories;—
Hence your never-dull delight
When you found us ghost-flower white,
Or the ribbed-leafed food of moose,
Or the shrub the Indians use
For the painted calumet,

FLEURANT BAY

Leadwood, or the goldtwine plant,
Or the fateful ecartante.

Moïse of the hundred bears
Cunning baits and clever snares
Many a savage glen and glade
Saw the daring feats you played—
Saw you furious Bruin meet—
Skilful lay him at your feet.

Moïse, honest, simple, wise,
The clear lake was in your eyes,
The big mountains in your soul,
Strong and manly was your worth,
The quintessence of the North,
And as artless Nature's man,
You were of Ewitchi's clan.

The Galahads

AT SUMMER'S noon upon the wilds there crept
An evil shadow, and the wind stood still;
The parks eternal shivered; in the camps
The children's laughter hushed, and 'round the board
Lurked close that shadow of the Prussian crime.
The great star Lucifer had dropt from heaven—
A race, once honored, boasted in the mire
Of theft and murder; Goethe's crown of light
Rolled from Germania's brow; Kant's majesty
Of skylike conscience like a sky crashed down;
And in the peace of the remotest woods
Reverberated those foul boasts of shame.

Yet faint above the din, on ether borne,
A clear voice rang the ancient battle cries:
"Freedom and honor! truth and chivalry!
St. George, defend thy pledges unto death!
St. George, defend the weak, and save the world!"
And all true sons of Britain felt it vain
To live, unless as British knights of old,

Then lo! with reverence and pride we saw
The knights of old appear,—Sir Galahads,

THE GALAHADS

None purer, none more brave. They had been known
Till then but as the schoolboys of the camps,
Carefree and merry, warming elder blood
By pranks of diving, reckless climbing feats
Up sheerest precipices. Trackless wilds
Knew them as tenters. The shy beaver heard
Their paddles unafraid. Widely they ranged
The peaks and dales uncharted, seeking risks
For love of danger and the jest with Death.
Skilled by adventure in a score of arts
Their strength they stinted not to all that asked.
Pleasant they were to look on, clean their speech
And honest-eyed the cheerful countenance.
Ewitchi claimed them. His enchantments fell
Upon them in his woods and ridges wild;
He loved and sent them dreams, asleep, awake,
And spun light threads to reach them o'er the world;
All his rare beauty was their heritage,
And in their hearts he left his mystic call.

Yesterday they were children. Scarcely yet
Knew we they needed less our tender care,
Until some grave look or some manly deed
Warned us the soul was ripe. We pondered then.

So came the world's great need and Honor's call,
And silent, modest, up they rose to serve,—

THE GALAHADS

Then in our wonder we beheld them men
And saw the Knights of Arthur's Table stand
Before us in their sacred panoply.
Little they said and naught delayed their going,
Farewells to launch, canoe, fair lake and range,
A tender word to Mother, and forth they fared,
As thousands like them fared from lake and stream,
Crusaders of the Grail. Rude knights were some
But knightly all: God loves all faithful men.

Their deeds are written on the sun. What need
To tell again how,—equals with the best
Of Britain's and of France's chivalry—
(Equals of those at Mons who taught the hordes
Trusting in guns and numbers, what soldiers were;
Equals of those who at Verdun stood firm
In the long storms of fire);—what need to tell
How ours broke Prussia's heart of cruel pride
At Ypres, Festubert and Courcellette!

Galahads of the camps! For this you learnt
The fearless life and strenuous company
Of the wild North, contempt of hurt and cold,
Joy of unmeasured contest, wit to meet
Emergency, deft skill and steady nerve.
What seemed but sport was training, and the best
Was inner,—loyal will and heart humane.

THE GALAHADS

And in your battles you remembered oft
The mountains of the Land of Manitou.
Some shall return with honor, henceforth called
The heroes of the world. But where are those
Who never shall return?

They saw the Grail
And were caught up to heaven. Where is Lysle,
With eyes of sunlight ever brimming mirth,
Magnet of every heart? Where Edward kind
Who knew no bounds to faithfulness, and bore,
Three times shell-buried, that message to his chief?
Alas! to earthly eyes they sleep afar
In fields of glory famed to end of time.
Yet ever shall they clothe these leafy hills
With visions of the noblest deeds of men
And hold before Canadian youths to come
The quest eternal of the Holy Grail.

IV. Philosophic

The Palmer

O SOLEMN clime to which my spirit looks,
No more will I the path to thee defer,—
Worn here with search—a too sad wanderer,—
The dance-tune spent, surpassed the sacred books,
And spurned that city's walls where I did plan
A thousand lives, unwitting I was pent;
As though my thousand lives could be content
With any vista in the bounds of man!

Eternal clime, our exile is from thee!
Flood o'er thy portals like the tender morn!
Receive! receive! and let us new be born!
We are thy substance—spirit of thy degree—
Mist of thy bliss—fire, love, infinity!
And only by some mischance from thee torn.

The Artist's Prayer

I KNOW thee not, O Spirit fair!
O Life and flying Unity
Of Loveliness! Must man despair
Forever in his chase of thee!

When snowy clouds flash silver-gilt,
Then feel I that thou art on high!
When fire o'er all the west is spilt,
Flames at its heart thy majesty.

Thy beauty basks on distant hills;
It smiles in eve's wine-colored sea;
It shakes its light on leaves and rills;
In calm ideals it mocks at me;

Thy glances strike from many a lake
That lines through woodland scapes a sheen;
Yet to thine eyes I never wake:—
They glance, but they remain unseen.

I know thee not, O Spirit fair!
Thou fillest heaven: the stars are thee:
Whatever fleets with beauty rare
Fleets radiant from thy mystery.

THE ARTIST'S PRAYER

Forever thou art near my grasp;
Thy touches pass in twilight air;
Yet still—thy shapes elude my clasp:—
I know thee not, thou Spirit fair!

O Ether, proud, and vast, and great,
Above the legions of the stars!
To this thou art not adequate;—
Nor rainbow's glorious scimitars.

I know thee not, thou Spirit sweet!
I chained pursue, while thou art free.
Sole by the smile I sometimes meet
I know thou, Vast One, knowest me.

In old religions hadst thou place:
Long, long, O Vision, our pursuit!
Yea, monad, fish and childlike brute
Through countless ages dreamt thy grace.

Grey nations felt thee o'er them tower;
Some clothed thee in fantastic dress;
Some thought thee as the unknown Power,
I, e'er the unknown Loveliness.

To all, thou wert as harps of joy;
To bard and sage their fulgent sun:
To priests their mystic life's employ;
But unto me the Lovely One.

THE ARTIST'S PRAYER

Veils clothed thy might; veils draped thy charm;
The might they tracked, but I the grace;
They learnt all forces were thine Arm,
I that all beauty was thy Face.

Night spares us little. Wanderers we.
Our rapt delights, our wisdoms rare
But shape our darkneses of thee,—
We know thee not, thou Spirit fair!

Would that thine awful Peerlessness
An hour could shine o'er heaven and earth
And I the maddening power possess
To drink the cup,—O Godlike birth!

All life impels me to thy search:
Without thee, yea, to live were null;
Still shall I make the dawn thy Church,
And pray thee "God the Beautiful."

The Wind-Chant

The Soul, the inner, immortal Ruler.—Hindu Upanishad.

“WITCH-LIKE, see it planets roll,
Hear it from the cradle call—
Nature?—Nature is the soul;
That alone is aught and all.
Grieved or broken though the song,
The fount of music is elate,
For the Soul is ever strong,
For the Soul is ever great.”

“For the Soul is ever great!”—
Songless sat I by a grove,
Pines, like funeral priests of state,
Chanted solemn rites above.
Dark and glassy far below,
The River in his proud vale slept,
Eve with olive-shafted bow
Like a stealthy archer crept.

Why, O Masters, then I thought,
Is the mantle yours, of song?
Why with hours like this do not
Glorious strains to *all* belong?

THE WIND-CHANT

Why *all* choosing, why *all* ban?

Why are lords, and why are slaves
And the most of gentle man

Clipt and harried to their graves?
Foiled and ruined, masses die
That one fair and noble be.

Why are all not Masters? Why
So unjust is Life's decree?

Why are poor and why are rich?

Why are slaves and why are lords?
Unto this the splendid niche:

Those caste damneth in their words.
Do not powers of evil reign?
Do not flashes storms make dread?
Should not He of Life again
Bring the just peace of the dead?

Oft the Pines, like priests of state,
Have spoke the heavenly word to man;
So above me as I sate

Æol voices chanting ran:
"For the Soul is ever great
For the Soul is ever strong;
In the murmur it can wait—
In the shortest sight see long.

THE WIND-CHANT

"Not a yearning but is proof
Thou art yet its aim to own:
Thou the warp art and the woof,
Not the woof or warp alone.
Couldst thou drop the lead within
To the bottom of Thyself,
All the World—and God—and Sin—
And Force—and Ages—were that Elf.

"With thy breathing goes all breath,
With thy striving goes all strife,
In thy being, deep as death,
Lies the largeness of all life.
The world is but thy deepest wish,
The phases thereof are thy dream;
They that hunt or plough or fish
Are of thee the out-turned seam.

"Helpless, thou hast every power,
In thee greatness perfect sleeps—
And thou comest to thy dower,
And thy strength perennial keeps.
Stir the Aeol harp elate!
Make a triumph of its song,
For the Soul is ever great,
For the Soul is ever strong!"

THE WIND-CHANT

Rushings cool as of a breeze
 Amened to their litany
In their pure sky smiled the trees;
 And no more was mystery.
Clear I saw the Soul at work,
 All through fair Saint Francis vale,
Beauty-making; like a dirk
 Peering bright amid the mail.

Vital the dark River wound,
 Glassy in his cool repose;
Many a bird-like country sound
 As the Soul-voice upward rose.
Then as in a glass I knew
 I was vale and town and stream,
Shadowed grove and northern blue
 And the stars that 'gan to gleam.

This was I, and all was mine.
 Mine—yea, ours—the grace and might,
With the lordship of a line
 That laughs at any earthly knight.
Ah, what music then I heard!
 What conceptions then I saw!
Master-thoughts within me stirred,
 And there flashed the Master-law.

THE WIND-CHANT

Next them did the greatest shapes
Of Angelo crowd in a dream:—
Vain the grace that marble drapes;
A village mason's these did seem.

But—the light from Angelo's eye
That so deeply eager burns
With its fierce sincerity!—
Ah, the ancient saw returns:
"Greater artist than his art;"
Meaning: greater yet than he
Is the vast outfeeling Heart
In him lying like the sea.

With a sudden eagle-stroke
How this truth can lift one wide.
Then he sees the sublime joke
Of humility and pride;
For the Soul is *ever* great,
The one Soul within us all:
One the tone that shakes a state
With the helpless cradle-call.

Yes, that wonder of the Soul
Is the riddle of it all,
And the answer, and the whole,
Bright with joy that rends the pall.

THE WIND-CHANT

Brother-man, I pray you stand,
Hear a minstrel ; but the song
If you do not understand,
Pass and do not do it wrong.

Love-Song

THOUGH others plight for pride or gain,
And mix the cup of love;
Theirs be the duller troth, the stain;
Ours the sweet stars approve.
My riches, love, they shall be thou;
My pride, thy love for me:
No diamond fairer decks a brow
Than thine sincerity.

Though ours be tenements, not towers,
Theirs, lawns and halls of ease,
Beloved, 'tis heaven, not gold, is ours,
And the realities.
No sordid wish doth make us one,
But love, love, love.
O surely, surely, that is done
Which the sweet stars approve.

Our Underlying Existence

O FOOL, that wisdom dost despise,
Thou knowest not, thou canst not guess
Another part of thee is wise
And silent sees thy foolishness.

Yet, fool, how dare I pity thee
Because my heart reveres the sages;
The fool lies also deep in me;
We all are one beneath the ages.

A Problem

ONCE, in the University of Life,
Remember and Inquire, my old Professors,

A question hard requested me to solve:

"How can man's love be great and be eternal
If Right forewarns he may be called to leave it:
Whether should Love rule Duty and be all,
Or Duty turn his back on sweet Love crying?"

I paused—then spoke, not having what to answer:

"Ye know, Professors, how to utter problems
And man perplex with his own elements.
Yet I believe the ways ye teach are perfect
And able are you what ye set to solve.—
Admiring you, however, aids me nothing,
I speak because I have not what to answer."
"Ponder," they said, those quiet, sage Professors.

I had seen Love—O Vision, I was near thee
When Death refused that I should speak with thee!
And I had seen her soft eyes' trustful brightness
Wondrous look down into the soul of many
And lead it out and make it of eternity.
Yes, truly, in her look men find true being!—
What ruin if such being must be withered!

A PROBLEM

I had seen Duty—soldier of his God—
Of Virtue and of Order sentinel—
Grand his firm count'nance with obedience.
His troth to Love would everlasting be
Or nothing. What then should commanding orders
Bid him have done with her and all renounce?
How can he look on Love and know this shadow?

"I see no answer," answered I dejected,
"Except that either Love must be abased,
Or he resign perfection in his calling."

"Nay," said they, but by strange, clear apparatus
(Whereof within that College there is much)
Gave illustration—paraphrased as follows:

"Thou hast not reckoned for eternity.
The True fears not Forever: fear thou not.
Duty and Love are noble man and wife
(If otherwise thou see them 'tis illusion),
'Tis she sends Duty forth with dear embrace
And proudest of his battle through her tears
Encourages: 'Regard me not but strike!'
And 'If thou must depart alas, depart!
Follow thy noblest, I am ever true!'
He strikes and presses, sending back his heart
As forward moves his foot on the arena;

A PROBLEM

Or marches bravely far and far, until
Hope of return as mortal disappears:
This should true soul endure, though everlasting—
But then, besides, we know that One has mercy.”

To a Fellow-Student of Kant

THE sweet star of the Bethlehem night
 Beauteous guides and true,
And still, to me and you
 With only local, legendary light.

For us who hither look with eyes afar
 From constellations of philosophy,
All light is from the Cradle; the true star,
 Serene o'er distance, in the Life we see.

To the Soul

AN ODE OF EVOLUTION.

O LARK aspire!

Aspire forever, in thy morning sky!—
Forever soul, beat bravely, gladly, higher,
And sing and sing that sadness is a lie.

Forever, soul, achieve!
Droop not an instant into sloth and rest.
Live in a changeless moment of the best
And lower heights to Heaven forgotten leave.

Man still will strive,
Delight of battle leaped within his sires.
They laughed at death; and Life was all alive:
In him not blood it seeks, but vast desires.

He wakens from a dream:
Reviews the forms he fought in ages gone—
He or his ancestors, their shapes are one:—
And also of himself the forms he battled seem.

He sees the truth!
“I wrestled with myself, and rose to strength.
Still be that progress mine!—I see at length
All World, all Soul are one, all ages youth!”

Eben Picken, Bookseller

PICKEN of Beaver Hall, what modest hand,
Or thoughtless, wrote thy sign? "Bookseller"
thou

Forsooth! Though goodly word it be, and graced
By learning, honor, men of fair repute.
Not this the operation of thy days,
No barter thought, no views of bank account,
Silver and bills, profit, advertisement;
Not this thy avocation—but to lead
The novice soul along the temple path
To the hid shrine, the thirsty heart to find
Some quenching draft, the world's delights to lift
Before the unthinking. Gentle Levite thou
Of Art and Wisdom and Humanity
And the inclusive ONE. To thee we fare
To meet the souls of poets, and converse
With sages, known or called from quarters strange
By thy skilled wand. That unpretentious door
Leads where wise Plato visits still the earth
And Shakespeare calls his airy host to view:
Ah, what a world is there, delectable,

EBEN PICKEN, BOOKSELLER

Serene, of perfect grace, the land of Thought!
There in their kingly ranks the Masters walk
By crocus-edged Kephisos' sleepless stream
Along the cypress paths. There Socrates,
Virgil and Zarathustra, Francis mild,
Memlinc and Angelo and Angelico,
The bard of Faust and he of Paradise—
Heroes and saints innumerable appear,
While in their converse he who will takes part
And thou art friend and guide. Assuredly
'Tis blessed to be thus amid a world
Mad after fruit of ashes, running fast
Because the rest are running, blind and deaf
And needing quiet voices like to thine.

January 2, 1916.

Around his bier

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VAN HORNE

The Colored People weeping mourned his loss,
And gently said: "He was our greatest friend."

Van Horne, the best friend of the lowliest!
What prouder title can descent afford?
Thou wert the exemplar of thy chosen rule.

The Order

T O-NIGHT thy soul," the Chairman said,
"Of thee shall be required,

A poem write.

It is desired,

To-morrow in the double lead

Thus long—thus wide—

Timely and bright."

Then by the drear tumultous riverside

Of Babylon the poet lifted

Fain hands unto a harp that, hanging there,

Dreamed, whispered, sang.

To every spirit that past drifted,

His thought, his wraith, his own imagined air,

In mirrors of soft music, sweet and fair.

"Nay!" sang that harp (His wraith did in it ring),

"Nay!" thrilled that harp, "when thou dost truly sing,

It is not thou.

The lilt, the rhyme, the tones, that tremblant cling,

Are of another Voice;

And not in labor of the pen nor brow,

Acknowledge these their gauge."

THE ORDER

"Th' Aeolian harmonies, the springs of sacred rage,
The vasty whispers from the starry land.
The surf-roar of the universal Mind,
Are as wild horses of the wind,
That leap the stone walls of Command
And slip the lariats of Choice."

Too-Much-Gold River

FAR up the precipiced Klondyke,
In the Arctic drear, we are told,
There speeds a mysterious river,
"The River of Too-Much-Gold."

O say, ye powers of darkness!
Did the Yukon Indians dream
The longing they roused in our heart-chords
When they named us that hidden stream?

There was once an El Dorado
Men crazed their lives to behold;
But what was the merely Golden
To the River of Too Much Gold?

O if we could stand on its border,
And, after our sacks were distent,
Kick round us still beaches of nuggets,
Would we feel we could then be content?

Would we feel, as we shouldered our million,
Pledge of pleasures ten thousand fold,
That even then this River
Was a River of Too Much Gold?

TOO-MUCH-GOLD RIVER

Or when will the heart of mortal
 Be ready to cry "Enough!"
And what is the use of the struggle
 For the "stuff" if it does not stuff?

But however it be, I am longing,
 As though it would free me from care,
For the banks of that Arctic River
 And a little of what is there.



V. Imaginative and Early Verse

Imitated from the Japanese

"I have forgotten to forget."—Japanese song.

THE morning flies, the evening dies;
The heat of noon, the chills of night,
Are but the dull varieties
Of Phœbus' and of Phœbe's flight—
Are but the dull varieties
Of ruined night and ruined day;
They bring no pleasure to mine eyes,
For I have sent my soul away.

I am the man who cannot love,
Yet once my heart was bright as thine,
The suns that rove, the moons that move,
No longer make its chambers shine;
No more they light the spirit face
That lit my night and made my day;
No maiden feet with mine keep pace
For I have sent my soul away.

O, lost! I think I see thee stand
By Mary's ivied chapel door,
Where once thou stood'st, and with thy hand
Wring pious pain, as once before.

IMITATED FROM THE JAPANESE

Impatient, crude philosopher,
I scorned thy gentle wisdom's ray.
All vain thy moistened eyelids were;
I sent my soul and thee away.

A causeless wrath, a mood of pride,
Some tears of thine, and all was done;
On alien plains I travelled wide
And thou wert soon a veiled nun.
Not long a veiled nun, but soon
Unveiled of linen and of clay;
And I am March from June to June,
For I have sent my soul away.

For now when I would love thee well,
There sits alone within my breast
Calm guilt that dare not from its hell
Look up and wish the thing thou art.
I see a dreadful gulf of fright
Beneath my falling life; and gray,
Thy light becomes the ghost of light
Above it as it falls away.

I have a life, a voice, a form,
A skilful hand to lift and turn,
I have emotions like a storm,
A brain to throb, a heart to burn;

IMITATED FROM THE JAPANESE

But that which Jesus' blood can save,
Which looks toward eternal day,
Is gone before me to the grave.—
It was my soul I sent away.

The past is past, and o'er its woe
It is no comfort to repine;
But I would wage my life to know
Thy feet in heaven keep pace with mine.
I have no hope, I will not weep,
The only wish that wish I may
Is this, that I may find asleep
The soul I thought I sent away.

The Knight Errant

CLOUD TO WIND.

O BLOW, blow high, for I descend;
Friend must go to meet his friend,
If to earth you tie your feet
You and I will never meet.

WIND.

Nay, I haste. A trifle wait;
I exceed my usual gait.
Ha! this hill-top is sublime,
But it makes me pant to climb.

CLOUD.

Once again, a little space,
Meet we in this Alpine place,
Before you leap adown the vale
Or I along my pathway sail.

WIND.

Then let our little bell of time
Ring onward with a chatty chime—

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

How we have fled o'er earth and sky,
And what you saw and what saw I.

CLOUD.

O, I from off my couch serene,
Woods, meadows, towns and seas have seen;
And in one wood, beside a cave,
A hermit kneeling by a grave:—
The which I felt so touched to see
I wept a shower of sympathy.
And in one mead I saw, methought,
A brave, dark-armored knight, who fought
A shining dragon in a mist,
That, mixed with flames did roll and twist
Out of the beast's red mouth—a breath
Of choking, blinding, sulphurous death,
On which I shot my thickest rain
And made the conflict fair again.
And from one town I heard the swell
Of a loud, melancholy bell,
That past me rose in flames of sound
And up to Saint Cecilia wound.
And on one sea I saw a ship
Bend out its full-fed sails and slip
So light, so gladly o'er the tide
I could not help but look inside—

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Its passengers were groom and bride.
I floated o'er them snowily,
They felt my beauty in the sky,
Their eyes, their souls, their joy were one,
I would not cross their happy sun.
I love this life of calm and use—
No bonds but windy ribbons loose,
No gifts to ask but all to give,
Secure Elysium fugitive.

WIND.

Your life, though, drinks not half the wine
Of active gladness that doth mine;
I spread my wings and stretch my arms
Over a dozen hedged farms;
I breast steep hills, through pine-groves rush,
Rock birds' nests, yet no fledgling crush,
Tossing the grain-fields everywhere,
The trees, the grass, the school-girl's hair,
Whirling away her laugh the while—
(We breezes love the children's smile);
And then I lag and wander down
Among the roofs and dust of town,
Bearing cool draughts from lake and moor
To fan the faces of the poor,
While sick babes, stifled half to death,

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Grow rosy at my country breath.
I lent a shoulder to your ship;
I moaned with that sad hermit's lip;
I helped disperse the dragon's mist;
And some bell's voice, 'twas yours I wist,
I handed up to winds on high
Who wing a loftier flight than I.
But, hark! a rider leaves the vale.

CLOUD.

Ah, yes, I catch the gleam of mail.

RANDOLPH.

O speak again ye voicéd ghosts!
I heard afar your cheerful boasts,
And, if I doubt not, ye are they
That here have met me many a day.

WIND.

We are they.

CLOUD, (echoing).

We are they.
But whither now doth Randolph stray,
And why the mail, and why the steed?

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

RANDOLPH.

This is my father's mail indeed,
Bequeathed with message to his son :
"Stand straight in it and yield to none."

WIND.

But whither off and why away?

RANDOLPH.

Off to the world ; I cannot stay—
That world I have so often viewed
Here from this upper solitude—
This bulwark barring strife and trade.
Love calls me off. I love a maid,
Loving her silently and long,
Learning for her to hate the wrong,
 Learning for her to seek the right,
To hew at sloth and faint resolve
And thoughts that round but self revolve,
And pray for grace and virtue—wings
That bear men to the highest things,
 Enwrapt and rising into light.
For her, for her, O Cloud and Wind !
I trained my limbs and taught my mind,
Ran, wrestled, clomb, and learned to bend

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

The cross-bow with each village friend;
And by my hermit-guardian spent
The earliest dimness morning lent,
And the faint torch that evening bore,
In science and in saintly lore,
Reading the stars and signs of rain,
Noting each tree and herb and grain;
Each bird that flutters through the leaves,
Each beast, each fish that green lake cleaves,
The curious deeds Devotion paints
In missals and in lives of saints,
And every olden subtle trick
Of grammar, logic, rhetoric.
But most on chivalry I turned
A torrent eagerness, and burned
To hear of wrong repaired, or read
The working of some famous deed,
Like those I dreamt that I could do
When what I set myself was through:
Vexed lest the inward clock of fate
That ticked "Too soon!" might tick "Too late!"
But now that dial points the hour
When I must test my gathered power,
And leave my books and leave my dreams
Of steeds and towers and knightly themes,
Of tourney gay and woodland quest,

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Of Perceval and Perceforest,
Of Richard, Arthur, Charlemain,
Amadis and the Cid of Spain—
Must leave them all and seek alone
Some grand adventure of my own.

CLOUD.

Yet if you seek and cannot find
Or fail to work what you designed,
Be it but as the steadfast sun
Who bright or dim his course doth run,
And last doth reach as far a spot
Whether he seems to shine or not.

RANDOLPH.

The height, the fynial of my aim
Is to be worthy of her name.

CLOUD.

You mortals are a curious race—
More whirled by passions, hot in chase
Of passions, than myself am whirled
When tempests tug me o'er the world;
I cannot understand your ways.
We clouds live our divinest days

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Beneath great sunny depths of sky,
High above all that you think high,
Drifting through sunset's surf of gold,
Dawn-lakes and moonlight's clear waves cold,
In realms so distant, chill and lone,
That Love, impatient, leaves the throne
To meditative Amity.

RANDOLPH.

So would my guardian have it be,
So flowed his constant voice to me,
Of those to make me one, he sought,
Who watch from mountain towers of thought,
Or wandering into paths apart
Pursue the lonely star of art.

WIND.

But you would rather love and do.
Well said, so much the wiser you!
But let your love be false as maid's,
Your every fire a flame that fades—
A word, a smile, an easy thing
To fledge and easy taking wing.
Kiss every lip, as tired of rest
As I am now. I'm off to west.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Good-bye, and some day when you're hot
I'll meet you cool.

CLOUD.

And I should not
Delay my showers so long as this.
God speed! Good-bye!

RANDOLPH.

Good-bye.

I miss

Their wonderful companionship.
So onward seems the world to slip.
Now one glance backward firmly cast;
Thy next foot forward bears thee past
The mountain's crest. Ah, I behold
Our reckless river leaping bold
Down all its ledges. And I see
The castle where Elaine must be.
Lo, in yon window sits she oft.—
From yon green maze of willows soft
I hear our hermitage's bell.
Sweet sound, sweet many scenes, farewell.
Elaine! Elaine!

Cujus Animæ Propicietur Deus

A QUIET, old cathedral folds apart
At Oxford, from the world of colleges
A world of tombs, and shades them in its heart;
Contrasting with the busy knowledges
This wisdom, that they all shall end in peace.—
“Vex you not, slaves of truth! there is release.”

There every window is a monument
Emblazoned: every slab along the pave,
Each effigy with knees devoutly bent,—
Or prone, with folded gauntlets,—is a grave. . .
Unnoticed down the sands of Kronos run:
Slow move the sombre shadows with the sun.
Hard by a Norman shaft, along the floor
A portraiture on ancient bronze designed
In Academic hood and robes of yore,
Commemorates some by-gone lord of mind.
Mournful the face and dignified the head:
A man who pondered much upon the dead.

Repose unbroken now his dust surrounds,
He is with those whom mortals honor most.
Respect and tender sighs and holy sounds

CUJUS ANIMÆ PROPICIETUR DEUS

Of choirs, and the presence of the Holy Ghost
And fellow spirits and shadowy mem'ries dear
Make for his rest a sacred atmosphere.

Sometime a gentle and profound Divine,
Father revered of spiritual sons.

He died. They laid him here. About his shrine,

Of what they wrote this remnant legend runs:

"Nascitur omnis homo peccato mortuus

Una post cineres virtus vivere sola facit."*

There as I breathed the lesson of the dead:

Sudden the rich bells chorussed overhead:

"O be not of the throng ephemeral

To whom to-day is fame, to-morrow fate,

Proud of some robe no statelier than a pall,

Mad for some wreath of cypress funeral—

A phantom generation fatuate.

Stand thou aside and stretch a hand to save,

Virtue alone revives beyond the grave."

* "Every man is born dead in sin. Virtue alone brings life eternal."

Stanchezza

EARLY LINES.

LO ZEPHYR floats, on pinions delicate,
Past the dark belfry, where a deep-toned bell
Sways back and forth, Grief tolling out the knell
For thee, my friend, so young and yet so great.
Dead—thou art dead. The destiny of men
Is ever thus, like waves upon the main
To rise, grow great, fall with a crash and wane,
While still another grows to wane again,
Dead—thou art dead. Would that I too were
gone
And that the grass which rustles on thy grave
Might also over mine forever wave
Made living by the death it grew upon.
I ask not Orpheus-like, that Pluto give
Thy soul to earth. I would not have thee live.

Præterita Ex Instantibus

HOW strange it is that, in the after age,—
When Time's clepsydra will be nearer dry—
That all the accustomed things we now pass by
Unmarked, because familiar, shall engage
The antique reverence of men to be;
And that quaint interest which prompts the sage
The silent fathoms of the past to gauge
Shall keep alive our own past memory,
Making all great of ours—the garb we wear—
Our voiceless cities, reft of roof and spire—
The very skull whence now the eye of fire
Glances bright sign of what the soul can dare.
So shall our annals make an envied lore,
And men will say, 'Thus did the men of yore.'

Sunrise

EARLY LINES.

I SAW the shining-limbed Apollo stand,
Exultant, on the rim of Orient,
And well and mightily his bow he bent,
And unseen-swift the arrow left his hand.
Far on it sped, as did those elder ones
That long ago shed plague upon the Greek—
Far on—and pierced the side of Night, who weak
And out of breath with fright, fled to his sons,
The nether ghosts; and lo! his jewelled robe
No more did shade a sleep-encircled world;
And thereupon the faëry legions furl'd
The silk of silence, and the wheeling globe
Spun freer on its grand, accustomed way,
While all things living rose to hail the day.

Reality

A FANCY.

FADE lesser dreams, that, built of tenderness,
Young trust and tinted hopes, have led me long.
These jagged ways ye whiled will pain me less
Than hath your falsity. Your spirit song
Sent magic wafted up and down along
The waves of wind to me. Your world was real.
There was no ruder world that I could feel.
I lived in dreams and thought you all I would.
Nor knew what dread, bare truth is doomed to rise,
When love and hope and all but one far Good,
Like sunset lands feel the cold night of lies.

Go, sweetest visions, die amid my tears,
For hence, nor cheered, nor blinded, must I seek
That larger dream that cannot fade; though years
Of leaden days and leagues of by-path bleak
Must intervene, with austere sadness gray,
Fade dimmer! lest in agony I turn
And heartsick seek ye, though the Fates shriek "Nay!"
And the wroth heavens with judgment lightnings
burn.'

REALITY

Go useless lesser dreams. And where they were,
Rise, grave aërial Good! Thy texture's true.
There is no good can die. "No ill," says Time, "can
bear,
However beautiful, my long, long earnest view."

Searchings

EARLY LINES.

S OUL, thou hast lived before. Thy wing
Hath swept the ancient folds of light
Which once wrapt stilly everything,
Before the advent of a Night.

O thou art blind and thou art dead
Unto the knowledge that was thine.
A longing and a dreamy dread
Alone oft shadow the divine.

Full loud calls past eternity,
But Lethe's murmur stills its roar,
The one vague truth that reaches thee
Is this—that thou hast lived before.

Home often comes some voice of eld
Confused and low—a broken surge
By fate and distance half withheld—
Rich in linked sadness like a dirge.

The muffled, great bell Silence clangs
His solemn call, and thou, O soul!

SEARCHINGS

Dost stir in sense's torpid fangs,
Like the blind magnet, toward a pole.
The deep, vast, swelling organ-sound;
The cadence of an evening flute,
Bring oft those ancient joys around
To linger till the notes are mute.
And when thy hushed breathing fills
The shrine of quiet reverence,
Then, too, a freeing angel stills
The clanking of the chains of sense.
But nearest to that former life
Another power calleth thee,
Away from care, away from strife,
Toward what thou wast—infinity.
And in thee, soul, the deepest chord
Thrills to a strain rung from above;
That strain is bound within a word,
A sole, sweet word, and it is—Love.
Love—yet it cannot set them free
To sweep again those folds of light,
It torches but a part to thee
And dim, though fair. The rest is night.

SEARCHINGS

As the fine structure of a man
Fits into life's great world, foremade,
So too it shadoweth the plan
Of ages hidden in the shade.

And thou hast lived before; hast known
The depth of every mystery,
Has dwelt in Nature, hid, alone
And winged the blue ætherial sea;

Hast looked upon the ends of space;
Hast visited each rolling star,—
Before Time measured forth his pace,
Scythe-armed, on a terrestrial war.

Homer

EARLY LINES.

TIME, with his constant touch, has half erased
The memory, but he cannot dim the fame
Of one who best of all has paraphrased
The tale of waters with a tale of flame,
Yet left us but his accents and his name.

Upon that life, the sun of history
Shines not, but Legend, like a moon in mist,
Sheds over it a weird uncertainty,
In which all figures wave and actions twist,
So that a man may read them as he list.

We know not if he trod some Theban street,
And sought compassion on his aged woe,
We know not if on Chian sand his feet
Left footprints once; but only this we know,
How the high ways of fame those footprints show.

Along the border of the restless sea,
The lonely thinker must have loved to roam,
We feel his soul wrapt in its majesty,
And he can speak in words that drip with foam,
As though himself a deep, and depths his home.

HOMER

Hark! under all and through and over all,
Runs on the cadence of the changeful sea;
Now pleasantly the graceful surges fall,
And now they mutter in an angry key
Ever, throughout their changes, strong and free.

How sternly sang he of Achilles' might,
How sweetly of the sweet Andromache,
How low his lyre when Ajax prays for light;
(Well might he bend that lyre in sympathy,
For also great, and also blind was he.)

We almost see the nod of sternbrowed Jove,
And feel Olympus shake; we almost hear
The melodies that Greek youths interwove
In pæan to Apollo, and the clear,
Full voice of Nestor, sounding far and near.

OLD MEASURES: COLLECTED VERSE BY W. D.
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